

A BOUQUET OF RHYMES
FOR CHILDREN
WRITTEN BY ALTHEA RANDOLPH



DRAWINGS BY ISABEL WHITNEY
BONNELL SILVER & CO. NEW YORK

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VERSES BY ALTHEA RANDOLPH
DRAWINGS BY ISABEL WHITNEY
BONNELL SILVER & CO. N.Y.

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CONTENTS.

My Balloon	1
Among the Apples	2
The Bath	3
The Teasing Rain-drops	4
The Sailor	5
The Impatient Farmer	6
Thought-Pictures	7
Early Morning	8
You Never Can Tell	9
The Horizon	10
The Selfish Moon	11
Topsy-Turvy	12
The Mountain Climber	13
Gipsy Life	14
The Ocean Battle	15
Fidelity	16
The Waterfall	17
I Wonder	18

The Naughty Storm	.	.	.	19
Cooking Clothes	.	.	.	20
My Hobby-Horse	.	.	.	21
When I'm King	.	.	.	22
Soap Bubbles	.	.	.	23
The Wind	.	.	.	24
The Rain	.	.	.	25
The Snow	.	.	.	26
The Moonlight	.	.	.	27
The Sunshine	.	.	.	28
Memory Book	.	.	.	29



MY BALLOON.

A fine balloon they gave to me,
It was a lovely thing,
So big and red and round, you see,
And tied upon a string.

"Of course," I thought, "if I let go,
'Twill bounce upon the ground,
Like other balls all do, you know;"
But this is what I found!

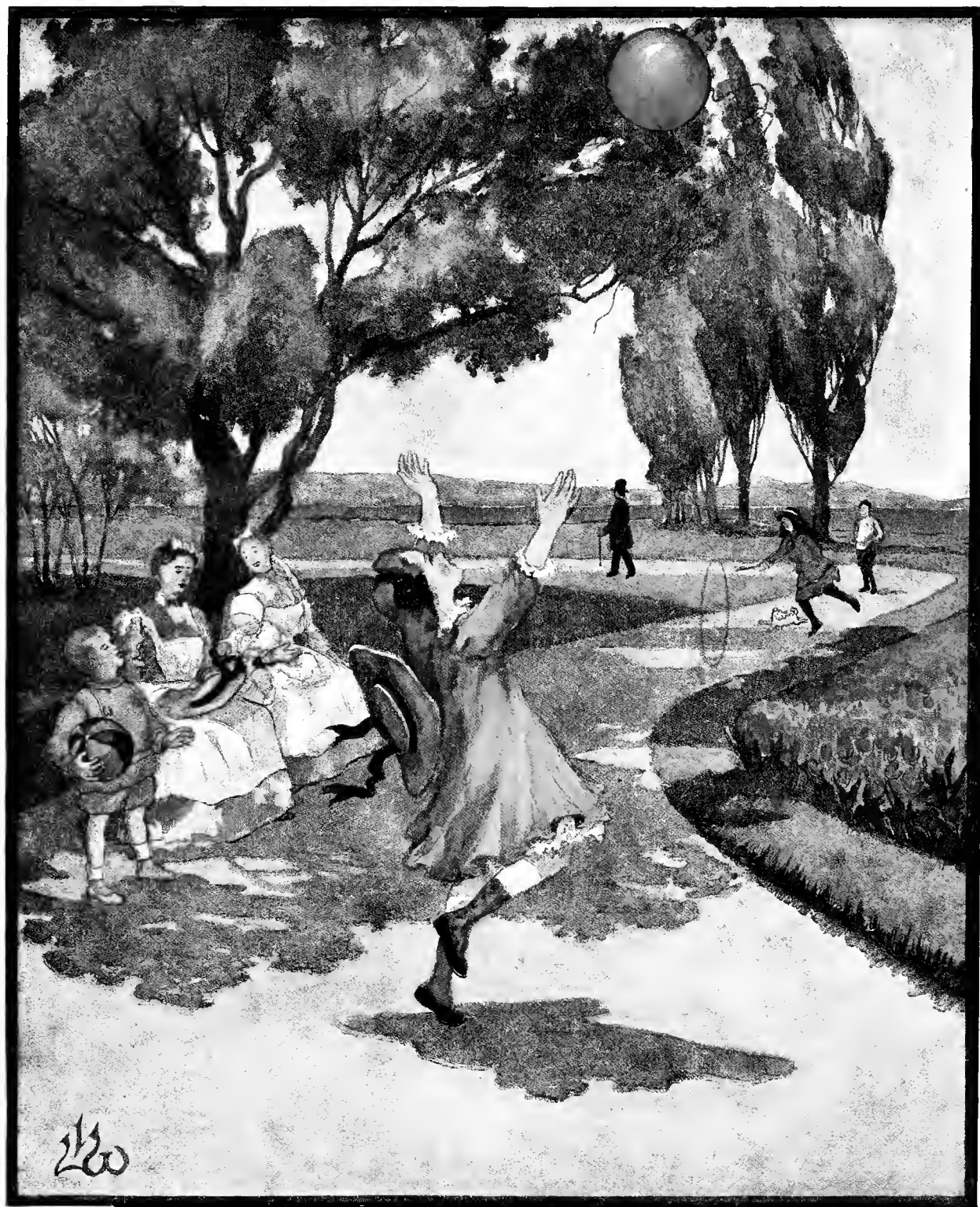
That red balloons are funny things,
They go the other way,
Bounce up, as if they all had wings,
And fly so far away!



AMONG THE APPLES.

I went into the orchard,
And climbed up in a tree,
And there I sat among the boughs,
As happy as could be.

I picked the rosy apples
Which all about me grew;
I'm sure the apples thought that I
Grew on the branches, too!





THE BATH.

I play the bath-tub is a boat,
And I a sailor boy,
I lift the anchor, blow a horn,
And then I shout "Ahoy!"

I sail away across the bay,
Until I near the land,
I steer my boat upon the shore,
And leave it on the sand

While Nursie comes and washes me,
Until I'm nice and clean;
And then I turn the water on,
That's how I get up steam!

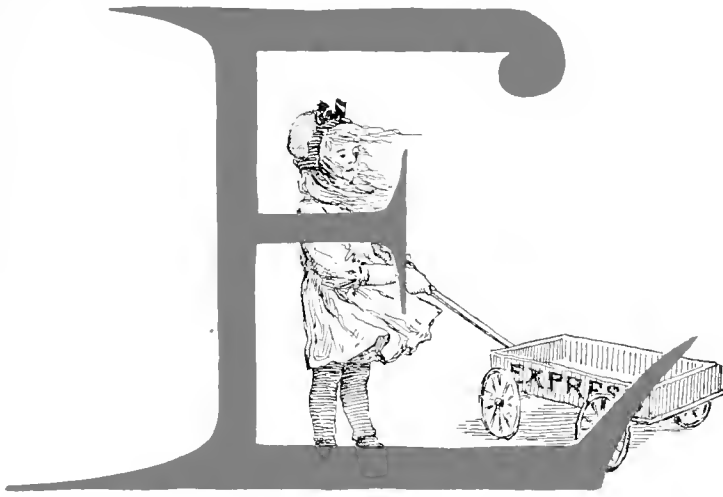
I start to sail away again
And turn my boat about,
But just when I am having fun,
Nurse always takes me out!



THE TEASING RAIN-DROPS.

Dropping down from clouds of gray,
Is the way the Rain-drops play;
Chasing birds from out the sky,
Making trees and flowers cry.

Do you think they're having fun,
When they make the people run?
For they wet us through and through,
That's what teasing Rain-drops do!

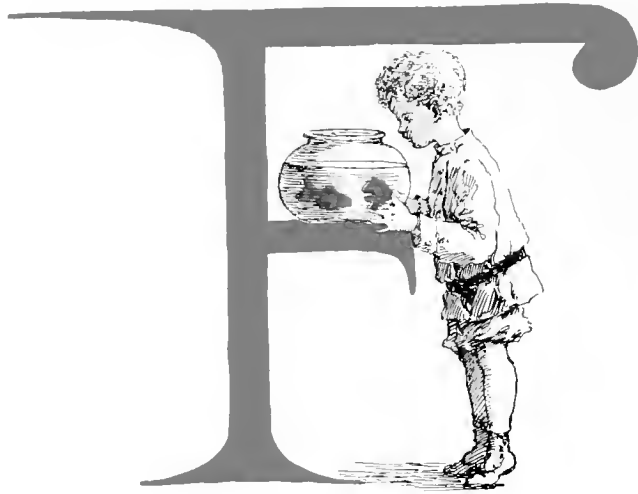


THE SAILOR.

I love the deep blue ocean,
I love the silv'ry sea,
So when I'm grown to be a man,
A sailor I shall be.

I'll paint my boat a yellow,
And have blue sails, I think;
I'll build her of the finest wood,
So she will never sink.

I'll take a long, long voyage,
And lots of things I'll do;
Then when I come back home again,
I'll take you sailing, too!



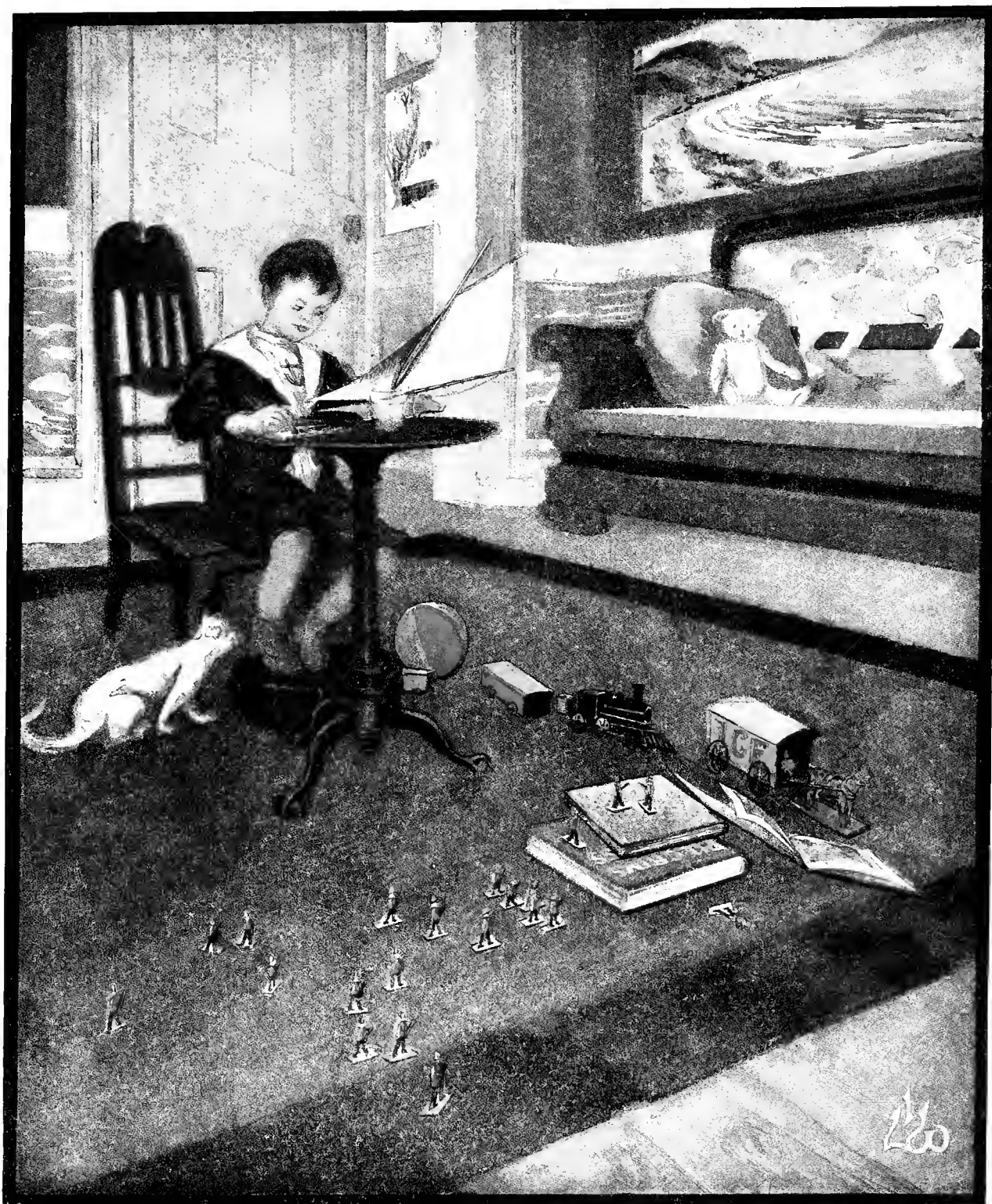
THE IMPATIENT FARMER.

I am a country farmer,
Just like my Uncle Bill,
Who lives down by the river,
Underneath the hill.

I get up every morning,
To water all my seeds,
And then I rake the garden,
And pick out all the weeds.

But I am so impatient,
To see how my seeds grow,
I take a little peep each day,
Down in the ground below.

In summer Uncle's garden
Has vegetables so fine;
There must be something wrong, I think,
That seeds don't grow in mine!





THOUGHT-PICTURES.

When on the sandy shore I play,
Safe in my little rocky nook,
I watch the pretty ships sail by,
Like pictures in a story-book.

And then at night when in the dark,
My eyes are shut and I'm in bed,
Again such pretty ships I see,
I guess I've eyes within my head!



EARLY MORNING.

I always open both my eyes,
Just as the Sun begins to rise;
When he gets up to shine on me,
I like to keep him company.

My Mamma cries: "Oh, go to sleep!"
And Papa makes me quiet keep;
So then I take my little toys,
And never make a bit of noise.

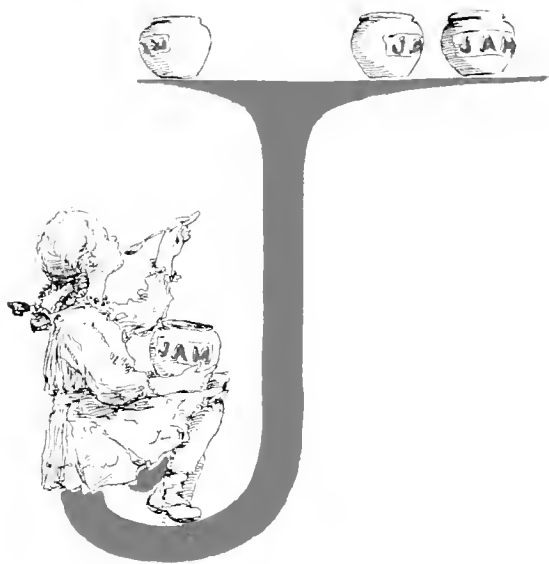
I try to read and look at things,
Until I wish that I had wings,
So I could fly right out of bed,
And soar like birds, far overhead!



YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

I go to school and try to read,
But it is very hard!
I'd so much rather stay at home,
And play here in the yard.

But Mother says that I must learn,
And try to be content;
For maybe some day when I'm grown,
I'll be the President!



THE HORIZON.

Swinging, swinging, to and fro,
Laughing, chatting, as we go;
Up so high, and then so low,
Little Mary, Bess, and Joe.

Over fences, over trees,
Swinging in the summer breeze;
We can see so far away,
Where the sky rests on the bay.

And we think the sky would get
From the water awfully wet,
Where they come together so;
But our Mamma says, "Oh, no!"





THE SELFISH MOON.

Sleeping, sleeping, all the day,
Never watching children play;
Opening your eyes to peep,
When it's time to go to sleep;

Naughty Moon, you are so bad,
No wonder that your face is sad,
Only giving out your light,
In the middle of the night.

Now, it's diff'rent with the Sun,
He seems to have a lot of fun,
Getting up on every day,
Just to make the world look gay.

He's not selfish, like you, Moon,
Sleeping all the time at noon;
Just suppose he did that, too,
What would everybody do?



TOPSY-TURVY

I think 'twould be so very queer,
If things were turned around,
The trains to run upon the sea,
And boats sail on the ground.

It all the land began to rock,
The water to stand still,
We'd have the funniest tumbling time,
For everything would spill!



THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

I play my room's a mountain,
The mantlepice, the peak;
To climb up to the top of it,
The road I have to seek.

I go by way of chair-ville,
Then bureau-town a mile;
And when I've reached the summit,
I sit and rest awhile.

The view is, oh, so lovely!
I look out on the town—
I never can enjoy it, though,
'Cause, Nursie pulls me down!



GIPSY LIFE.

I'd like to be a gipsy,
And like the gipsies, roam;
The sky would be my ceiling,
The ground would be my home.

I'd cook and eat my dinner
Beneath a willow tree;
With all the world to live in,
I'd feel so gay and free!





THE OCEAN BATTLE.

I love to play upon the sand,
That I'm a King in fairyland;
I build a castle great and tall,
Surrounded by a sandy wall.

The wall I climb and sit inside,
To wait there for the rising tide;
And when the ocean waves roll up,
I bail them out with pail and cup.

My fortress is so safe and strong,
I fear no foe or mighty throng;
But sit and play there all alone,
Until the tide has backward flown.

And then from out my fort I come,
To wend my way with Nursie home;
A warrior bold, I've fought and won,
And had the greatest lot of fun!



FIDELITY.

She sat by the river,
An object forlorn;
With hair all dishevelled,
And garments all torn.

Without shoes or stockings.
Without gloves or hat,
With no one to talk to,
Alone,—there she sat!

Could any one love her,
This pitiful sight,
Or care for an object
Which looked such a fright?

Ah, yes! there is some one
Who loves tenderly,
This maiden, so tattered,
So torn, that you see.



'Tis Baby who loves her,
With all her whole heart,
For she sees her dolly,
Just pretty and smart!

THE WATERFALL.

I think 'twould be such lots of fun,
To be a waterfall;
Just keep on tumbling down all day,
And never stop at all.

But there is one thing, I don't seem
To get straight in my head,
And that is why a waterfall,
Can't tumble up instead!



I WONDER!

I wonder if the trees and flowers
Have relatives like me;
If Lilies are the cousins to
The Rose and pink Sweet-pea.

If Heliotrope and Violets
Are kin to one another,
Or if they don't know what it is
To have a baby brother.

I wonder if the Elm and Oak,
The Maple and Pine Tree,
Have uncles, like my Uncle Ned,
Who is so good to me.

And now I'd like to know who are
The Mother and the Father;
But then perhaps to have such things
The trees and flowers don't bother!



THE NAUGHTY STORM.

A naughty storm came up one day,
Upon a little face,
It drove the sunshine all away,
And rain came in it's place.

A lot of noise this storm did make,
Which everybody heard,
And with each lightning flash there came
A very naughty word.

"Oh, oh!" cried Nurse, "I s'pose sometimes
We must have little showers,
To make the trees and blossoms grow,
And water all the flowers.

But soon I hope the clouds will go,
And let the weather clear.
Do hurry up, dear Mister Sun,
— And come and shine in here!"



Then quickly came a rainbow bright,
Across that pretty face:
“Oh, Nursie dear, I’m sorry now,—
Forgive your little Grace!”

COOKING CLOTHES.

I washed and starched my dolly’s things,
Just like my Mamma’s cook;
She taught me ’xactly what to do,
From out her cooking-book.

I made the water steaming hot,
And then I boiled the clothes;
I never knew before we cooked
Our underwear and hose!



MY HOBBY - HORSE.

My Papa is my hobby-horse,
And on his knee I ride;
He trots and jumps me up and down,
And then from side to side.

“Gee up!” I say, to make him start,
Or when he goes too slow;
And ev’ry time I want to stop,
I loudly call out, “W-h-o-a!”

He is the nicest hobby-horse
That I have ever had;
I wish you had one just like him,—
But you can’t have my Dad!



WHEN I'M KING.

Sometimes I play that I'm a King;
I sit upon a throne,
And on each hand I wear a ring,
Of brass and pure rhinestone;

And then a crown of paper gold,
I wear upon my head,
And play that I am very bold—
Have many armies led!

Nurse always does just what I say,
And marches with a gun;
Of course her King she must obey,
It is such jolly fun!

But when that stupid bell does ring,
And supper is announced,
No longer can I be a King,
But from my throne am bounced!





SOAP BUBBLES.

Bubbles, pretty bubbles,
With your tints of red,
Gracefully now floating,
Then tumbling on my head.

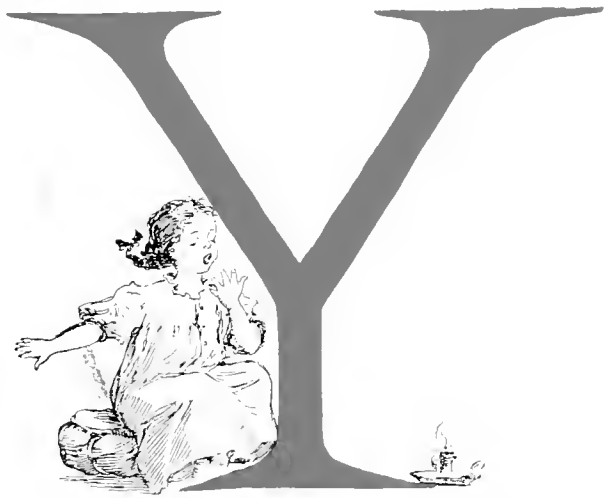
Made of soap and water,
With a pipe of clay;
How I wish that bubbles
Would never fade away!



THE WIND.

Oh, Wind, I'm sure you are a tease,
You whisper secrets to the trees,
And gaily send a playful breeze
To toss the ships upon the seas.

You love to kiss the children fair,
And fondly blow their golden hair;
Ah, Wind! how much you do and dare,
As you go flying through the air!



THE RAIN.

Oh! dry your eyes and do not cry,
Dear Baby Rain from out the sky,
For don't you know you've helped along
The babbling brooks to sing their song?

There is no reason to be sad,
You've really made the flow'rs all glad;
So Baby Rain just stop your fears,
And cease, on us, to drop your tears!



THE SNOW.

Fair flakes of snow you're fairies bright,
Who flit and dance all through the night,
And leave your prints of dainty feet
Upon the trees and on the street.

You like to paint the world pure white,
And give the children all delight;
I'll tell you something that I know,—
We love you dearly, Fairy Snow!

THE MOONLIGHT.

I dress in silv'ry robes of light,
 When e'er I travel in the night;
I strew my path-way on the sea,
 With sparkling gems of brilliancy.

I play with shadows on the ground,
 I tease the flowers and leaves when found;
I chase the darkness from the lawn,
 And frolic with the rays of dawn!

THE SUNSHINE.

I fill with light the earth and sky,
I climb upon the mountains high,
I drive the darkness all away,
For where I live 'tis always day.

I sparkle on the waters blue,
I make the world a golden hue,
I whisper to the hills and dales,
The prettiest little fairy-tales!

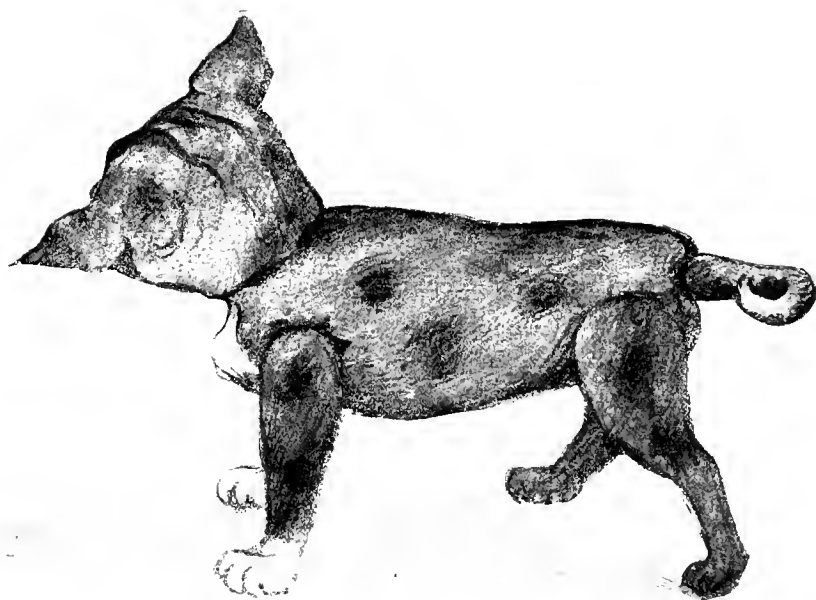


MEMORY BOOK.

Our memory is like a book,
The pages written on
With things we've said, and things we've thought,
And deeds that we have done.

Now let this Book of Memory,
Be sacred to us all,
Write nothing on a page of it,
We'd care not to recall.

Then when the leaves are backward turned,
To read the story told,
There'll be no word, or thought, or deed,
But of the purest gold.



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